



## The Maine Farmer

S. L. BOARDMAN, Editor.

Our Home, Our Country, and Our Brother Man.

Agricultural Exhibitions—1869.

Castle Shows this week.

PENGRANT, at Bangor, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 21st, 22d, and 23d.

CASTLE SHOWS next week.

HARVEY KENNEDY, at China, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th.

THOMAS G. CAMPBELL, at Bowdoin, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st. Address by Hon. Thomas S. Loring.

WILLIAM H. COOPER, at Monson, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29th and 30th.

WILLIAM P. CONARD, at Exeter, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29th, 30th, and 31st.

ASCOT SHOWS at Houlton, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 29th and 30th.

OXFORD, at South Paris, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.

EXHIBITION AT MERRILL PARK, Gardiner, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 6th and 7th.

EXHIBITION, at Farmington, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.

NORTH KENNEBEC, at Waterville, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 6th and 7th.

HARVEST FESTIVAL AND HORTICULTURAL, at Lewiston, Wednesday, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.

EXHIBITION, at Farmington, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.

WADDELL AND RUSSELL, at Monroe, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 6th and 7th.

OCEAN CITY, at Rockwood Corner, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6th and 7th. Address by Maj. Gen. O. H. Howard.

NORWICH, at Unity, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 11th and 12th.

WALDO, at Waldo, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12th, 13th and 14th.

Towns Exhibitions.

WILTON, at East Wilton, Wednesday, Sept. 22d.

High Farming.

We find, going the rounds of the papers, the following paragraph. "High farming means underdraining, thorough tillage, irrigation, and the purchase of mowers or feeding stooks. It means well bred animals and high feeding. It means sowing in summer, and roots in winter." The high consideration due to the task which has been given to it, we are told, is due to the source from which these sentiments are said to emanate, as well as the great importance of the master, induces us to place this paragraph at the head of an article, and make such comments thereon as shall suitably impress upon the minds of our farmers the advantage of "high farming," as here delineated. But if this is high farming, what is the low? It is proceeding without a proper system, without thought, and with a view to obtain the greatest amount from the land, without regard to its future productiveness. When the country was new, and people commenced making farms, the principles on which operations were conducted were simple and few. The productiveness of the soil made amends for imperfect manipulation, and the want of system and forethought was not then felt. In fact, considering the necessities of the settlers, and the circumstances of the case, the manner of procedure at that time was not so far from proper, under the then existing circumstances, as it became after the change of those circumstances. The system of getting all you can, without returning anything to the soil, was continued after the circumstances which palliated it had ceased. Much excellent land became spoiled, at least for a time. The people kept on clearing the forest, because they could thereby realize greater profits than in any other way, till in many sections firewood and timber became scarce, and the country was swept by fierce winds, and became arid and barren from that cause, and from the want of forest growth. The people became discontented, and moved off to the West, abandoning to poverty and sterility a country that might have blossomed as the rose. The same practices being continued in the countries to which they emigrated, produced the same results, until it became evident that unless some better system were inaugurated, the whole country, from being one of the richest and fairest, would become absolutely incapable of supporting its population. In this crisis, science arose in its might, and instituted measures whereby the depauperate fertility of the lands might be retained, and these lands renewed from which fertility had departed. The system of means thus brought to view has been stigmatized by some as "book farming," but is more properly termed high farming, as requiring a high purpose, high attainments, it not high moral principle; and as being more elevated in its character, requirements and purposes. But let us look at the principles enunciated in the above paragraph, and examine them in detail.

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"Mr. John Wilbur, of this town, has lived up to his word, and the reputation of being a man of great integrity and probity, and has always been a good citizen."

Our thanks are due Francis Lyford, Esq., of this city, for some large, heavy and well ripened tomatoes, the product of his garden the present season.

LAON YIELD. Mr. Job Giddings, of Weeks Mills, informs us that from five pounds of seed, he has raised 1500 pounds of the Early Goodrich potato.

A FIELD OF NORWICH OATS. Our agent, Mr. S. I. Small, writing us from Piscataquis County, says:

"Mr. John Larabee of Parkman, is the man who went in strongly for Norway oats last spring. He sowed three acres, one bushel to the acre; and the crop is estimated by different persons, all to fifty to a hundred bushels per acre. He has been offered \$700 for them as they stand."

He also proposes a pertinent query, which we will leave for our correspondents to answer, viz.: "Will stock eat them as easily as they do the native kind?"

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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

be the natural growth of internal enterprises, and not the uncertain fruit of foreign interests, or of a domestic policy, but due to a favorable standard. Can any man doubt that under the influence of a fixed and stable developing policy, her present products, 2,000,000 bushels of oats, 6,000,000 bushels of potatoes, and nearly 1,000,000 tons of hay will be required for her own consumption, and the new demand lands may be important to us? Can any man suppose that a policy like this can in any way burden us to the shipbuilding or the commerce of Maine? I hear some one deplore the silence of our ship yards, and the stagnation of our foreign ports. I deplore it, too. But I am led to inquire whether the silence of our ship yards, and stagnation upon the ocean, as well as the conditions of capital and labor now universal throughout the world, are not more likely to produce these results than the application of any policy which would protect the great mass of our citizens. And I have not forgotten your coasting trade—as Mr. Choad said in his elaborate argument in Congress in defense of the revenue. I hear some one complain of high prices. I consider this to be true. But it is not the result of the system by which we are governed, but of the American system of protecting well paid labor, and employing well paid capital.

And now a word with regard to those two great pillars of industry, without either of which all our theories would be idle, and our practical efforts impossible—capital and labor.

Capital, I am told that no "protection of capital is wanted, since no one assault capital or capitalism." All this may be true. But the enterprises in which capital is invested are not, and cannot be, the property of the individual, but the enterprise should be defended. Protection is not applied to keep up the rates of interest in America; but finding the rates of interest high account of the great demand for money in all the vigorous industries, and in all the great cities, the government proposes to defend those who live by the employment of its capital, against those who get their money at lower rates abroad. When Edmund Burke, defying France to compete with English capital, in the proportion of manufacturers, gods, said, "The capital of England is in her colonies," he uttered a truth which nothing but an industrious people, sustained by their government, can resist. In this view, capital is invincible, and never so violently and thoroughly so as when gathered in great cities, and concentrated in the hands of a few. It seeks to dispossess the lower populations, and to drag down the industry which goes with them, and is dependent upon them, even to the extent of high rates of interest. Capital is powerful. It can rest or go; it can care for itself in a moment; it can wait for a favorable opportunity to "take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea," whenever it would take refuge in a place of safety. It can protect itself by bolts and bars; and it can profit itself by multiplying its power. It can enter into every corner of the community, and carry blessings to all who come within their influence."

It is such enterprise that the American would protect; for the benefit of the employer and the employed alike. And it is in connection with the energetic labor of the country, that it is destined to triumph.

**Business Prospects.**

It must be confessed that some propositions in economical science seem almost paradoxical. It seems a little remarkable at first, that abundant crops in our country should be followed by "tight money," more or less stagnation in business, and a general appearance of "hard times." The crops harvested in the autumn of 1865 were reported on the whole, to be unusually plentiful and good; but in the whole, the year has not been called a prosperous one. We have experienced unaccountable stringency in the money market at certain seasons, and witness financial disturbances at the money centres which could not always be ascribed to the bold operations or starting manoeuvres of speculative combinations. There have been continual complaints of scarcity of money and high rates of interest, dull and unpredictable trade, and general inactivity in business. The prejudice of the workingman against the capitalist has rarely been more excited, labor conventions have never been more frequent or unreasonable, nor "strikes" and labor suspensions more numerous and "collective." There has been however, some indication at least of a decline in prices.

But on reflection, this seemingly strange phenomenon becomes more rational and capable of explanation. It is of course absurd to suppose that the productive industries of the country have been too active, and that the results have been too great. The appearance of great multitudinous spring, in each succeeding generation, the foremen men, who accomplish for us in every service the great results. It is our laborers who become our inventors, anxious to relieve the burdens and quieten the capacity of toil. It is they who, step by step, have built up the great departments of manufacture up to the highest positions in all the great enterprises which make up our busy life. They build and organize and rise into the control of our railroads. They conduct our ships. They guide our ships. They are the power of the nation, and the soul of our strength. They are the legions of the poor. They are the legions of the rich. They legislate for us. They rise into the highest seats of power. The farmer's boy, to whom neither academy nor college was ever opened, spends his youth clearing the land, and tilling the soil, and building up the empire of his country through a great war, dying a martyr to the cause of human freedom. A young village merchant becomes Secretary of the Treasury, and upon his integrity and sagacity the country implicitly relies. The highest judicial officer in the land, the chief justice of the Supreme Court, whose sons and farms sprang the heroes of the war. And all over the land stand the tasteful and elegant abodes of those who toiled with their own hands to lay the foundation of their prosperity—of those who have not forgotten to cultivate the soil, as their fathers did, and to give their sons a liberal education. They guide our ships. They are the power of the nation, and the soul of our strength. They are the legions of the poor. They are the legions of the rich. They legislate for us. They rise into the highest seats of power. The farmer's boy, to whom neither academy nor college was ever opened, spends his youth clearing the land, and tilling the soil, and building up the empire of his country through a great war, dying a martyr to the cause of human freedom.

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The condition of America, I believe, removes this question of the rate of interest, inasmuch as there is no one in our country who earns his living by the "sweat of his face." Amidst all our changes of politics and industries, and enterprise and wealth, amidst all the shifting scenes which diversify the face of America, society, though no man and no nation can be said to have a permanent element, remains constant, and that is a demand for independent, aspiring, educated labor. Nine-tenths of our people, perhaps more, are toiling on the land or on the sea, in the workshop, in the professions, in agriculture, in trade, in the mechanic arts, and their families with subsistence, to create the material wealth of the community, and to elevate and refine and organize and save society. To the productive and cultivating classes of these classes, everything stands secondary. To them, the country is a home, a country of opportunity, a field of ambition, which will give five and thirty millions of men, possessing a continental domain, enjoying self-government and popular liberty, to break the magic circle of their Industrial Power."

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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

**MARINE DISASTERS.** We continue to hear reports of disasters at sea, by the terrible gale on the 8th inst. A correspondent of the *Baltimore Times* writes that during the gale, the schooner *Platten See*, of Newcastle, was probably lost with all on board. She was bound from Boston to Duluth, with a full cargo of merchandise, having sailed the day before in the morning. Her crew consisted of Capt. James Bailey, (sole owner of the vessel); Dan'l Perkins, — Captain of Newcastle, and Rufus Reed of Marquette. The only tidings from her thus far, is the picking up of a trunk, a few miles east of Saginaw, which had been shipped on board the *Platten See*. The trunk was picked up by a fisherman, and carried into Boothbay, where it was identified by the owner as the one shiped on board the missing vessel. The probability is that she was either run down, or capsized in the fury of the gale. Capt. Bailey was a young man raised in Newcastle, with a large circle of friends who deplored his loss. He and Perkins and Charles were married. Mr. Reed was a citizen of Marquette, some sixty years of age, and leaves a large family of children to mourn his loss.

The schooner *Ralph Curtis*, Capt. Thomas Perry, belonging to Carleton, Norwood & Co., Rockport, was caught in the gale of the 8th inst., off Mount Point, while on her passage from Baltimore to Boston with a cargo of coal. A three-reed mainail, two-reed foreail, jib and staysail, were blown into ribbons, and the schooner barely escaped drifting ashore at Mount tank Point. The captain, however, managed to run her into Long Island Sound, where he anchored and rode out the gale. In the height of the gale, and right in the breakers of the point, the vessel was thrown on her beam ends, the cargo shifted, the sea washed away the best, smashed the cabin doors and sky-light, and took off everything movable on deck, together with two seamen, one of whom got on board again nearly dead, and the other was never seen more. The last man was a Prussian, whose name we have not learned. Two days after the gale, the captain managed, with assistance that came to him, to get his vessel to *Holmes' Roads*. Capt. Perry was badly bruised by being washed away from the wheel several times.

The *Portland Press* says that Monday the first class fishing schooner, *Willie S. Sweet*, of Welford, Mass., was found bottom up, and was towed into Cape Porpoise, Kennebunkport. She was a vessel of about one hundred tons, and carried eighteen men. The whole crew is undoubtedly lost.

The *Portland Argus* states that the schooner *Ondina*, Capt. Geo. Webster, was at anchor off Ragged Island during the tornado, within a short distance of the breakers. Both anchors were let go, but one of the cables soon snapped. The other held on through the blow, though the vessel was knocked about and considerably stove by the waves, and all on board expected to perish. Upon getting under weigh in the morning, it was found that but a single crew remained, and upon that trait feature had hung a dozen lives.

The *Argus* also says an English ship is reported sunk off Seguin, supposed to be the English ship *Mayflower*, from Shields, England, with coal. An English brig and two schooners are reported as bottom up off this port. The crews probably were all lost. All along the coast to be seen portions of wrecked vessels, and it will be some time before the entire catalog of marine disasters from the late gale can be ascertained.

The *Belfast Age* learns that during the gale, the schooner *Moyle Dick* of Stockton, came in collision with a large vessel of Cranberry Isle, and Capt. Rufus Harriman and Frank Staples of Stockton, were washed overboard and drowned. Capt. Harriman's body has been recovered and interred, but the other has not been found.

The *Machine Union* says the schooner *Sinaloa*, Capt. Steele, Boston, for Machias, light, got ashore on Schoodic Island, about eight miles west of Pettinegan Light, in the gale of the 8th. She is badly smashed at the bottom, a large crack running up through the floor timbers. Owned by R. W. Pope & Co.,—debtful if she is got off.

The schooner *Gertrude*, Capt. Cawell, owned by Matthew Thompson of Eastport, bound for St. John, N. B., to Philadelphia, loaded with lathes, went ashore on Cape Henlopen, about a fortnight since vessel and cargo total loss.

Fires are entered as to the safety of two or three vessels belonging to Bath, as no tidings have been heard of them since the late gale, about which time they sailed for that port.

A vessel from Stockton, name unknown, lying in the harbor at Cranberry Isle during the gale, broke adrift and ran into a vessel from Gouldsboro, and was ashore in the harbor, and stove in her stern and sank almost immediately. Two of the crew undertook to save themselves in the boat and were drowned; while the other two men, one of whom was the captain, went aloft and were saved.

Schooner *Velocity*, Hutchins, left Boston for Stockton, on the 4th inst., and has not since been heard from. It is believed she was out in the gale of the 8th, and sunk with all on board. The name of those on board were, Edward H. Hutchins, captain; Andrew Pinkham, Snow Dorr, and — Willey, crew. The three first named belonged in Stockton; the last in Cheshirefield.

**FOOTER DAMAGE BY THE GREAT GALE.** From our exchanges we gather the following items of damage done by the great gale of the 8th inst. in addition to those given by us last week:

All structure of the roof of John Berry's house was off.

In Belmont, a new barn belonging to William Hatch was blown down, burying a horse and three cows. The animals were got out unharmed.

In Mount Pleasant, Joe Proctor's barn was blown down. James Jackson's house had a hole in it, and was blown down. The barn of Mrs. Cottrell, Mrs. Burkmar and M. Moody were unroofed. The walls of the barns were moved.

A barn belonging to Wm. Hatch of Belmont, was entirely broken and destroyed and several cows were killed by the falling ruins.

In Rockport the steeple of the Baptist church fell, its perpendicular about 30 feet. The roof of the church, which was the ceiling of the vestry, fell through the ceiling, and was broken. The roof of the schoolroom, which was the ceiling of the vestry, fell through the roof, and the schoolroom was broken through the roof by a falling chimney, which fell through the roof into the cellar passing through a bed which the occupant had just left. Five vessels were found ashore on Lincolnville Beach, one of them quite badly injured.

The new school house on Town Hill, in Eliot, was blown from its foundation about ten feet.

The *AVONDALE CALAMITY.* The rumor that the fire in the shaft of the Avondale coal mine, which proved so destructive to human life, was the work of an incendiary, does not appear to have been well founded. The jury of inquest state in their verdict that "the fire originated from the furnace in the mine taking effect on the wooden bretches in the up-east air course leading from the bottom of the shaft to the lead-house"; and give no intimation that it was the work of design.

We learn that work in the mines has been resumed, but worse the darkened memories of the widows and orphans the name of Avondale will long continue to cast a lurid light of horror. Mr. Henry V. O'Connor writes to the N. Y. *Herald* of one woman, who left from her cottage door behind the awful doom to which that fate consigned the husband of her heart, her three sons, three brothers, and a father. Eight strong men, for whom she would have gladly risked her own life, were lost to her forever. In the storehouse of her grief no more bitter portion could abide. He saw this horribly afflicted woman the day the dead bodies were drawn from the mines sitting by the roadside, removed from the throng of other mourners. Her dress was torn, her hair disheveled, and a large, lustrous eye. Her drooping features, her dim, mournful countenance presented itself to the passing observer, on near approach the death-like pallor of the features, the melancholy glaze of the dried up eyes, and the dead, statue-like position of the body, told of a grief too deep for tears, too large for utterance. There were others left as before, but none wedded to so sorrowful a memory as her.

## Foreign News.

### LATEST FROM EUROPE.

**Dispatches via English and French Cables.**

DURAZZO, Sept. 15.—The General Synod of the Latin Church assembled yesterday at St. Patrick's cathedral. There was a full attendance. A protest against the act of disestablishment was passed by a unanimous vote. A scheme for the formation of a church body, consisting of 124 representatives, was submitted.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The report is received that the *Emperor* has convened a conference to be proposed on the Russo-Egyptian question. Russia and Prussia maintain an attitude of reserve, and the other Powers are divided in their opinion of the proposal, because they regard the question as merely a matter of the internal administration of Egypt.

The *Palatine Gazette* to-day maintains that the argument against granting a pardon to the *Fenians*, on the ground of prudence, is as strong as ever, and can only be constructed to put upon an act both mischievous.

One class will regard it as an act of cowards, and the others as an inauguration of a career of revolution.

Sept. 16.—The *Times* has an editorial article to-day on the Cuban question, wherein it says: "It would be natural that President Grant would not interfere or allow interference in the Cuban question until Congress could voice upon it. It is the less remarkable that the struggle will be hopeless so far as Spain is concerned, but the Government cannot resist the demands of the rebels." The *Times* adds: "The cause is fast kindling, and the Government in its efforts to quench it will soon be extinguished. From the most tranquil provinces of Spain come offers of men and arms in order that regular troops may go to Cuba."

The aggressive policy of the Cuban rebels cannot be justified, but the Spanish Government has not a question to answer, for the abolition of slavery has not been decided upon.

It is the less remarkable that the *Times* has an article on the Cuban question, as the *Spanish* is equally as much a *violent* organ, excepting still, night attacks, and general debauch, even to such a degree that they are obliged to cover their acts with a mask.

Also in the *Times* there is a photograph of a number of persons who have been recently captured by the rebels.

After the capture of the *Reina*, the rebels have been able to make a good show of strength, and the *Times* says: "The rebels are now as strong as ever."

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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

## Poetry.

### LOST.

BY ALICE GRANT.

One bloomy day a little maid in my room went Maying,  
And left me alone, and found her self among the wild flowers straying.

Vain she sought the homeward path by lake and dingle bending;  
Brose about, and the brack she stood, with tears on her eyelids weeping.

Among the rocks she heard after the forest fountain pattering,  
And saw the stary daffies like fairy lanterns flashing.

She felt the bough on her face its ready blossoms raining,  
And hark! beyond the wild rose the whispering wind complaining.

The frogs among the rushes tall began their drown drumming,  
A thousand voices in the air a halcyon soundings.

She fancied for scenes the state she heard her father calling,  
And strained her ear among the boughs to hear his footstep falling.

She thought little to her little crib she saw her mother stand,  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep," between her eyes closed.

And still along the many path the tired feet went plodding,  
Till like a lily in the wind the fair head fit to nodding.

And then with dreamy eyes she saw the fairies clustering round  
Her, and where all in the dark the little spuds had found her.

From green, pale, and greenwood bush, they came with laughter merrily,

And each on her thrush lips a dewy, red-ripe berry.

They lay her feet in coverts cool, and bound her head with crosses,

And wove their fingers thin the web of twangy dreams.

A bed of mosses soft as down, with magic skill they made her, And gently put its plump tufts with living whispers had her.

But suddenly a tiny green caterpillar crept across her face, and bit her, fit to patting.

And then, ah me! the little maid among the roses crying,  
Heed her in his shalwert arms despoil her doth crying.

And over marsh and moor rapid strides he bore her, Nor grieved the little maid, once whose face was bending o'er her.

But while above the fairies' haunts the midnight moon was beam-

Sab in her own soft pillow'd orb the tired wif was dreaming.

## Our Story-Teller.

### A ROMANCE OF FLORENCE.

BY THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

The historian Almieri, writing in the latter half of the seventeenth century, enumerates twenty-three different visitations of pestilence in Florence, of which the earliest recorded occurred in 1325, and the last in 1630. That of the year 1409 is the eighth. We find no record of any visitation of pestilence terminating in 1388; but the mortality was very large, and the depopulation of the city considerable.

In the midst of this time of trouble and sickness died Francesco Agolanti, alio Almieri. She had been married to Francesco Agolanti only four years, and she was still in the prime and pride of her remarkable beauty. She was, we are assured, the most beautiful woman in her time in Florence. Her marriage with Francesco Agolanti, however, had been by no means a happy one. She had been compelled to marry him, forced by her father into a marriage with him, her affections had already been bestowed upon another. Ginevra loved and was loved by Antonio Rondinelli, an ancestor of one of the historians, who has preserved the record of their story. But the love of Antonio Rondinelli and Ginevra Almieri was but a faint passion as that which existed between Romeo and Juliet, and for the same reason. Of course, in those medieval Italian cities—which the society was always divided into two classes if not more, factions, between the party of the people and the party of the nobility—such difficulties, lessing in more or less tragic catastrophes, were always occurring. Far too blind to recognize party badge, Don Cupid was continually ignoring the differences and incompatibilities that separated the youth from Ghibellines, Montecucoli from Capons, Biscione from Neri, Piccolomini from Castellieri, and often even these existing between patricians and plebeians.

Between the Almieri and the Rondinelli there could be neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Not only did the two families belong to opposite parties in the politics of the day, but the Almieri were a bold old patriarch stock, while Rondinelli was the descendant of those p' e a's who had led the p' a's, in the magnate in 1481! Better might a daughter of the Almieri love one of her father's serving-men than a son of one of his enemies. But in that time and place, a man of markable descent was wont to make very short work of any such erratic fancies. Each fresh citizen, who was ready at any moment to uphold the whole order of society for the securing of general liberty, was too strongly deposited in his own bosom. And so Ginevra was sumlessly blinded to accept Francesco Agolanti as her husband; and she never dreamt of refusing to do so!

We do not hear any word, of any sort, which could lead us to the belief that she was a blushing virgin when she first married. Those who familiar with the records of Florentine society as it existed under the principality of the Medici may be inclined either to doubt the existence of such virtue under such circumstances, or, at least to credit Ginevra with the possessives of the Medici. But in that case, Don Cupid was to be pitied. For he was not only a youth, but in his own eyes he was the living occupant of one of those under the marble steps at the front of the cathedral. And there were sepulchres of several of the patrician families of Florence beneath those steps. Ginevra had well nigh forgotten her story, and the fear for the double enjoyment of the coquettish and lascivious, of men—living men!—at great distances, near the base of the tower—with flambeau, conducting a cart drawn by oxen.

Suddenly the truth flashed upon her mind. That there were sepulchres of several of the patrician families of Florence beneath those steps. Ginevra had well nigh forgotten her story, and the fear for the double enjoyment of the coquettish and lascivious, of men—living men!—at great distances, near the base of the tower—with flambeau, conducting a cart drawn by oxen.

That was the secret of her terrible thoughts, however, Ginevra suddenly belighted her that she had seen in the shadows, but such as she had seen in the flower of her youth, but then for a moment forgot her fears.

Ginevra was suddenly brought back to her senses, but, with circular stones not more than two feet in diameter. And it struck her that if the approach to the place she was in were thus closed, and if the stones were not impeded by cement, it might not be possible, heard her not, and probably would not pay little attention if they had heard it, to any night-draw disturbing the silence of the plague-stricken yet dead-house?

And of course Antonio and Ginevra were forthwith married; and of course they "lived happily ever after."

gled that she saw a gleam of light. It was very faint and fitful, sometimes a little more decided and sometimes fading away, till Ginevra found it impossible to decide whether the appearance was real or only the product of her imagination. Gradually, however, the pale light shone into that depth of darkness, more strange—more intense—than the moonlight that illuminates any part of the vault in such sort as to render the objects in it visible; but strong enough to set at rest the doubts whether indeed a ray of blessed light had really penetrated into that horrible charnel-house. Yet from a quarter of the vault opposite to her, there was still some shadow, and more shadow, to ray light!

The first notion that struck Ginevra was that the ray must proceed from the candles carried in the procession of some sacred function going on in the church. But the candles were not to be seen; the light was dim, and the atmosphere was thick. Ginevra was not able to render the objects in it visible; but strong enough to set at rest the doubts whether indeed a ray of blessed light had really penetrated into that horrible charnel-house. Yet from a quarter of the vault opposite to her, there was still some shadow, and more shadow, to ray light!

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